



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

5. *Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East.* By W. D. ARNOLD, Lieutenant Fifty-Eighth Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 444.

OAKFIELD is the name of the hero of this book. He is, like Lieutenant Arnold, an officer in the B. N. I., which means "Bengal Native Infantry," the force which in history and newspapers is generally called "The Sepoys."

There is but little of the novel about the book, but in the real thought and manly spirit of the conversations which make it up is a great deal of sterling and enduring value. Oakfield, weary of Oxford, looks round the world to see where he shall go to work. Everything in England seems to him so artificial and cramped, that he seeks some other opening for his energy, where it may not be impossible to lead at once a religious and an active life. India is farthest from England, and so he tries India. He finds, of course, what all pilgrims find when they have reached the aim of their pilgrimage, that he has carried himself with him, and that the world is just the same in India as it was at home. Then comes, in the miserable barrack life, in talk with friends, and in the vigor of a campaign against the Sikhs, a manly forging out of some of the great questions of human life; and by faith, and hope, and love, a manly character is formed, as it would have been formed by these same elements at home.

"O heart! weak follower of the weak,  
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea  
In this far place that God to seek,  
Who long ago had come to thee!"

We believe no one reads Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold without wishing to know something more of that family of his in which he was so happy, and which he must have trained so well. One son gives a good account of himself here, and we trust we may hear from him again.

The hero of Oakfield finds his mistake in leaving England. Possibly English authors of fiction do not know how bleak is the picture of England which they give, when they avail themselves of emigration, so often as they do, as the specific for the novel's ills; as if in Australia or New Zealand were magic which England cannot find. If there be such a weight pressing on men of talent and culture there as these books describe, we beg more of such men to come to America, where, though there are fools, male and female, who cannot find their mission, men of sense are but little hampered, and find more than they can do. We have every variety of duty waiting to be discharged. There are

“quarter sections” in the wilderness which are not cleared; there are roads which are not made; there are pictures which are not painted; and so — on. There is room enough for activity, if the want of a field for active life be indeed a necessity in England, as the gloomy novels of the present day strive to represent to us.

---

6. — *History of the Town of Medford, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, from its first Settlement, in 1630, to the present Time, 1855.* By CHARLES BROOKS. Boston: James M. Usher. 1855. 8vo. pp. 576.

THIS book is, in our estimation, second to none of the numerous Town Histories which have been issued within the last score of years. Its crowning merit is its completeness. We can conceive of nothing which a resident or native of Medford could wish to know about the men and events of the place up to the present time, which he could not find here. And we may say *find* emphatically; for not only is the matter all brought within the covers of the book, but the arrangement is such as to give a synopsis of each separate branch of the municipal history in its own place, and the table of contents is so full and explicit as almost to supersede the copious alphabetical index at the close. Then, too, the plates and cuts are numerous and admirably executed, comprising portraits, churches and public buildings past and present, and private residences old and new. We have a profound faith in the usefulness of such histories. Home attachments, not over-strong in New England, need for their vigorous growth deep roots in the past, and the more of quaint and curious lore is associated with the spot of one's birth, the fonder are the associations which hold him to his old moorings, or bring him back to them. Then, too, we believe that this kind of history is the best possible introduction to more extended historical studies. We should like for a boy to become acquainted, first of all, with the geography of his father's homestead and his native street, then of the hills, ponds, rivers, and islands within the range of a holiday's walk, and for him thus to acquire conceptions and terms of comparison which he could carry with him to the geography of his county, his state, the country, and the world. In like manner we would give him ideas of what history is, asks, and teaches, in connection with men who have moved, and incidents that have transpired, on the soil he daily treads; and we believe that in no other way could we so surely lead him to contemplate the more extended past of national or universal history in its reality, its vital interest, and its bearing upon the pres-